110. FOR MIDDLE VILLAGE!

LIFE ABOARD A PECULIAR SUBURBAN HORSE CAR.

Even the Car Itself and the Conductor and Driver are Aithe Peculiar-So is the Route

But the Village is Queerer Still. Every now and then a horse car pulls up at the edge of Broadway, Williamsburgh, close to the ferry. On its signboard will be seen the words "North Second street and Middle VIIlage." an appetizing sign to a confirmed New Yorker, shut up in a city with no possibility of getting in the country except for an hour or so nd at the cost of a car fare. Such a New Torker saw the car, read the aign, and began to make inquirles of the ferrymen and neighboring storekeepers as to what and where Middle Village was. No one who was asked knew anything about the place. The New Yorker was the more anxious to explore the rente, and therefore boarded the car.

This is a North Second street car." said the driver, apparently very confident that the passenger was making a mistake. The passenger looked at the driver, uncertain when

North Second street, I say," the driver

called out, this time a trifle threateningly.
"All right," said the passenger. said the driver, as if he meant to say that if the passenger knew where he was going and would not be dissuaded, that was

Il there was about it. Then the conductor came out of a door and bearded the car. He found a satchel on the

back seat and he waved it at the New Yorker. Here's your satchel," said he. "It's not mine." said the passenger.

"Not yours?" exclaimed the conductor.

"Then who the devil does it belong to ?" A pause.
"'Taint yours?" the conductor asked.

The car started with a series of motions as Sone part went after another, by degrees, as the railway trains used to start in the old days of toole coupling. It all got underway at last and headed down a cheerless looking riverside street. The New Yorker was smoking, but was in the middle of the car. Can I smoke here?" he asked.

'Two back seats." said the conductor. Then he thought for a second and added: "Oh, I don't care where you smoke." He was as

The car ran along between those huge sugar refineries, which loom up like libenish castles as they are seen from the East River, stopping on the way to take on the only persons who

set here are sent from the East liver, atopping on the war to take on the only persons who were nowing in that street—a very nowly merited capile, who were now as in that street—a cort of a sonit country house and draw them could be a sonit person who were a campletely wrapped with the street of the potential piece for a cottage in which possess the street of the potential piece for a cottage in which provides the potential piece for a cottage in which provides the potential piece for a cottage in which provides the potential provides and provides and the

stood a few feet away regarding them with amazement, and in the distance were trees and farmhouses, orchards in bloom, fields of grass and grain, and all the signs of a genu-lae country, into the very heart of which the Middle Village car was bowling along, but which

reach.

The creek is the boundary line between counties and the rural scene beyond lay in Queens county. The car stopped at a stable and the conductor called out. Three cents more, whoever's going." In a tone that suggested a belief that the New Yorker and the bride and groom would get out and walk rather than submit to the extortion. However, all three paid the extra fare and the car took on a delicate widow woman with a lustry took on a delicate widow woman with a lustry. rather than submit to the extertion. However, all three paid the extra fare and the ear took on a delicate widow woman with a lusty girl child to whom the widow said in German and in the cheeriest tones. Now, we will go to papa's grave. Quite as if an uncommon treat was in store for both of them.

The car rattled and bumped along, but though the true and beautiful country lay on sither side of its route, it never gotany nearer. The reason was that the route remained a busy, built-up street. It still had tenements on either side and taverns and beer gardens and shops. It was a long feeler, a sort of antenna that the city had run out, feeling its way before it followed with its dreary network of streets, it was a tiresome, dusty road, and the main thing that is remembered about it is that the cars coming the other way were itsrally packed with people-to such an extent that the overplus of each load hung on the outsides, on the footrail of the open cars.

Will we come back loaded like that? the New Yorker inquired of the conductor.

Tes; there's a many at the cemetery, said he cheerfully.

New Yorker inquired of the conductor.

Tes: there's a many at the cemetery, as he cheerfully.

In a very little while the cemetery, as he called it, was reached. It was in fact, a congressation of cometeries. The main one—the Lutherstan burying ground—was in two enormous parts, both full to crowding with costly marble and grain to monuments. There was also a swish cemetery, and one other that did not impress itself on the tourist's mind. Here was a very quieer and unexpected scene. The emeteries were half walled in and olbowed about by great country hotels, white-painted and appointed with roomy porches. The scent of bear filled the air, and crowds were going in and out of the doors or lounging behind cigars on the porches. Greater crowds were going fand out of the graveyards. At one opening stone side of the road was a sign. This way be the crematory." a word that has a rustic, dairy-suggesting sound, but is applied to a building where dead bodies are burned up. The women with watering pots were not going hat way. With potted plants and sprinkiers, and words like "Mother" or "Baylers, and core than one case shock their heads and let the women go by themselves, while they stayed mear the beer and cigars. Each of these taverns displayed signs asserting that it was the head quarters of this or that Grand Army post, and one tavern boasted of the fullet and seclusion for which most Americans look when they visit a cemetery the clatter and disturbance here was almost Chinese. The car kept going along and the people would not get eat of its way. Frequently the driver had to stop and yell. At times it looked as if he would be colleged to get off and push some old German woman or man out of the way.

off and push some old German woman or man out of the way.

There was a line of monument yards among the hotels. The monuments were mainly of granite, with well-executed angels in white marble on top of the darker stones. The names of the sculptors suggested that they were italians, and of that nationality were many of the buron, taughing, barcheaded women who shoot among the unsold tombetones, crossing their late brown arms and gossiping about the crowds. The name of one of the taverns was the Middle Village House, and so it was made evident that this cluster of cometeries and saloons was the country town with the satisfiar name that had lared the New Yorker out they. All beyond lay primitive Long island, but the car stopped and was instantly mobiled by twice too many passengers. When all who could do so had got on and those who souls not keep a foothold had alipsed off the seturn journey to Williamsburgh was begun.

BOYS, TRY THIS.

Almost Drowned.

om the American Agriculturist My friend of the many funerals and the quee plantation was greatly surprised upon receiving the same day, from a brother and sister in the country, an emphatic hint that their respective boys (two each) would enjoy a summer vacation with him. His response was favorable, and soon came the answer, followed in due time by the eruption of four stalwart. depths of things everywhere. Bearer could only be content when lugging something by

only be content when lugging something by muscular strength, or by tugging at something that required expenditure of force byinger was a compound of colled and spiral springs, attached to a sort of perpetual motion motor. Steady had a level head, and held himself well in hand and well balanced.

Mr. Utility (my frient) looked over the assortment and decided that a good way to keep the boys out of mischler would be to teach them in their sports to do something valuable. "Boys, how would you like a sea bath inside the breakers every day?"

"Just the thing. Uncle!" chorused all but Steady, who wanted time for consideration.

"But I have one condition to name—that is, that one of you shall get drowned every day, and the rest shall rescue him."

"I could do the rescuing act up fine, but I am afraid I couldn't drown gracefully." said Springer.

"Lean do the under-toe trick," said Direr.

Springer.

I can do the under-toe trick," said Di rer.

"I'll do the dragging out," said Bearer.

"All right," said Steady, who now sees the utility of the thing. "We're in for it."

Arrived at the beach the uncle sat down on the sand, while the boys sported in the sea tor a while and were ready for a sun bath. Then said Mr. Utility: "Now. Steady, you sink just where, you are, and all the rest obey orders, Steady's under. Now. Diver, go for him! All right. Now, Bearer, carry him up on the sand.



ROLL HIM ON HIS PACE.

Springer, quick! roll some of your clothes into a bundle. Bearer, give him a light, stinging how on the stomach, turn him over on his face, and with your hands under his stomach lift him so that head and heels will hang down, and jet the water run out of his throat.

"Now lay him with the lower part of the shoulder blades across the bundle of clothes. Diver, seize his tonsue with a bit of a piece of cloth, pull it out, and hold it. Now, learer, loosen the clothing and rub his legs vigorous-it toward the head. And you, bpringer, get on your knees behind his head, grasp his arms just above the elbows, and draw them gently up, over, and back, at full length, and hold them there two seconds: then carry them down and press the elbows firmly against the sides two seconds more, heep up these movements sixteen times a minute for a full hour, if necessary. Bearer, leave a minute now and run to the wagon for some smelling salts or ammonia, and hold for a second to his nostrils, or if there are none heat an iron quickly and touch it, not quite blistering hot, to the pit of his stomach.

"Ah, I see he is breathing now. Stop the



stomach. Now stand astride of his legs and press hard against his back and sides five or six seconds. Ease up, press again, and so on as long as water runs out of his mouth. Now, with a bit of cloth, draw out the tongue and tie a string rather tightly about it and fasten it to the centre of a stick three or four inches long, lying against the face to prevent the tongue from falling back and stopping up the breathing pipe. Now roll him over, with his back upon the bundle. Draw his hands above his head and tie them there with a handkerchiel. Then kneel astride his limbs again, grasp the lower part of his chest in both your hands and throw your weight upon your hands for two seconds. Then with a push, spring bolt upright and allow his chest to expand.

"Now press again, and so on, ten to twelve times a minute, for an hour, if necessary. If you get tired, roll him a little more than half way over every four seconds, and suddenly throw him back again, face downward, with a rest of two seconds between the rolls, and occasionally change the side. As soon as breathing is established, loosen the tongue, cover with dry clothing, and let hand friction take the place of lacking stimulants."

Long before the directions were ended Diver was flattening his new sand-filled dieer, his tongue and hands tied, and steady hard at work testing the flexibility of his ribs. Directly, when the pressure became too hard, up came his knees against Steady's back with a resounding thut that reminded him that he was tired and needed to change the programme to the side-rolling, which broke the sidek and loosened the tengue of the boy.

"Hold on there! I'm alive enough for dinner right now!" This was too much for the sitting rollckers, and in another instant Diver was rolled along the beach, propelied by three pairs of stalwart hands, and thus the second boy was rescued.

S. H. PLATT, M. D.

He Didn't Like New York Because Wall

Bisect Beat Him at His Own Cames.

From the Chicago: Intend to stay hore. Want to see my old friends. Want to see the World's Fair. Tired of New York: 'd ruther live here. Give me 'nuther small glass of ale."

This last remark was made to the bartender at Uncle Phil Conley's place, next to the Open Board of Trade. It was made by B. P. Hutchinson. He has returned after an absence of about two years, and the first time he goes over to the Board of Trade he will get the biggest kind of a reception, for he has helped more men over there than anybody else ever connected with it, and he don't owe a dollar.

"Don't know what I'll do; don't spose I'll do anything much, except enjoy myself." He continued to the crowd that made his visit to his old friend Conley an impromptulevee.

"Make any money in New York? Naw; had lots of fun, though, 'ndit didn't cost me much. Heap cheaper'n trading in grain. Rent too high'n profits too small. Didn't self nough to make it pay. Tried to scalp th' more thy yer zettin'. Buying 't auction beat me; though I'd self out 't auction 'nd get even. Didn't work's no place to live any way; 'tleast not for me. Like Chicago better. More iffe. An't tryin' so hard to get pennies; lookin' of dollars. Don't expect a man to cheat you here, unless he's goln' to make something worth while. Forty years of dealin' with that kind of peonle threw me off my guard when I went into retail business. That's how I come to lose money. Don't bear 'em no ill will, though. 'F I'd done well there, mebbe I wouldn't a come back. Chicago an't changed much—'t least not 'round here. beems to me I notice th' dirt on th' streets more, though. Get used to that in a few days.

"Isen down to Washington. Never was there before. Thought mebbe I'd like it 'nd stay there, Didn't, though. Place's all right, but don't suit me. haw firesham: told him I was glad he'd got the joi. Good man, Gresham. Saw Carliste 'nd Bissell. Like 'em all. Think Cleveland's got a fine Cabinet.

Gresham used to he a member of the Crack Club. Bidn't have a

'ER GRACE, DE DUCHESS OF FADDEN. Just What to Do with a Person Who Is Chimmie and His Bride Have a Rich Time

"I was goin't' tell ye 'bout our weddin' journey, wot de Duchess an' me took when wese was married. Say, it was up t' de limit an' near outter sight.

"We started like wese was just goin' across de Harlem, only it was in er car wot has bunks in it, wid er coon t' let down de bunks an' make up de bede "Dere was er lot er mugs an' womin an'

kids in de car, an' I was tinkin' where dey was all goin' t' sleep, when de Duchess tole me bout de bunks. I taut if wese was all goin't' sleep like in de cars when ye come home on de late train from Coney Island, wese might as well stopped t' home and saved our boodle. "Say, de train wasn't outter de depot before all de folks in de car was dead onto us, ac'

kinder givin' us de laugh, an' I says t' de Duchess, I says, 'Wot t'ell?' I says, 'wot t'ell?' like dat, 'cause I was feelin' like I was er farmer, but I oughten t' feel like er farmer, cause I had on me best close, an' de Duchess -say, re orter seed de Duchesa! she was er wonder! Dere wasn't er woman in de car was dressed like 'er. Sure.
"When I asked 'er why was all de folks

pipin' us off so, she said because I had me arm 'round 'er waist, an' was jollyin' 'er so. "Say, dat give me 'er fit, an' I says t' er, says L 'Duchess,' I says out loud, so dat er dude in of 'is eyeglasses an' was pipin' us off wid only one glass up t' 'is eye. I says, ' Duchess.

if I feels like puttin' me arm 'round yer waist.
I'il put it dere if I has t' tump every dude in de car,' an' t' show I was makin' no bluff I gives 'er a kiss fis square as ever ye seed. 'Say, dat dude must 'er lost sometin' outter de car, fer 'e turned an' looked outter de win-

went t' bed. "De Duchess she made er bluff at kickin'. but she wasn't kickin' very hard, fer wot I says an' does goes wid de Duchess, 'cept 'bout boodle. She runs de money end. Sure. I ain't in it when it comes t' de boodle, but in all de odder games I'm er dead easy winner.
"Weil, we went ridin' along, an' ridin' along,

till I kinder taut we'd be runnin' inter de Pacific Ocean if we didn't pull up; an' den de coon comes up an' says did we want de bert made up. "I don't know wot it was dat made de

Duchess so mad, but I taut she'd slug dat coon-de porter dey calls 'im-'cause 'e asks us first, before any of de odder folks, would we have our bunk made up. Say, I didn't see no casion fer a scrap, so I says to de porter, says

"Den all de mugs in de office began sneakin' up t' de register an' lookin' at wot I'd writ dere, an' der was all near havin' a fit over it. I was 'fraid somebody would ask me t' spell de name out, so I chased meself up stairs, an, holy geel dere was de Duchess in de swellest rooms in de house, wid er gang of servants sottin' de table, an' puttin' flowers in de room, an' scrapin' an' bowin', an' askin' wot t'ell could dey do fer 'er Grace.

"Say, de Duchess is er dead sport, an' she was just lookin' grand an' sayin' nottin', but when I comes in she takes me in de nextroom an' asks wot game I'd been up to. I told 'er de whole game from de start, an' when I wus done she taut er while, an' den she nearly des laughin, an' says she tumblest' de whole racket. She said de clerk had mistook 'er for one er dem forn queens wot was goin' to Chicago, where dey is havin' er big blowout for Columbus, er sometin.

"But why didn't ye put me name down on de register proper?' she says.

"Loudin't spell your dinky name.' I says.

"Den she yelled murder wid laughin', and near rolled off 'er chair' Me name is Mrs. Fadden, says she. Can't ye spell dat?

"Say, I'm er farmer if I ever taut er dat before. It just knocked me silly't 'tink er de Duchess bein' named Fadden.

"Hortense Fadden is me name, says she, givin' me er kiss.

"I was fer goin' down t' de office an' fixin' tings all right, but de Duchess said not t' be in er hurry' bout it.

"Well we had break(ast. Say, ye never seed

rings an right, but do Duchoss said note bein er hurry 'bout it.

"Well, we had breakfast. Say, ye never seed such er breakfast in all yer life! It was wot de Duchess called 'Dey shunay ah la foorshet,' but it was up t' de limit, just as hard, if it did have er dago name. De funny ting 'bout it was dat we had de coffee at de end 'stid er at de first. I spose l'il have t' learn dose dago tricks now. ricks now.
"When wese was done de clerk come up en'
"When wese was done de clerk come up en'

de first. I spose I'll have t' learn dose dago tricks now.

"When woso was done de clerk come up sn' says would 'er Grace like t' ride t' de Falis, an' de Duchess made er bluff at not knowin' wot 'e sald, an' I made er bluff at tellin' 'er in forn talk. I just let out er lot er lingo, an' de Duchess—say, she is er sport, sure—she jabbered back widout winkin', an' I says t' de clerk dat de Duchess would go t'de Falis when de carriage was ready.

"Den de clerk said. De carriage waits, yer Grace, 'an' backed out er de room like 'is pants was tored behind.

"Bay, I ain't stringin' ye er little bit. When we went down stairs dere was er victoria wid four horses waitin', an' de Mayor, or some big mug of de town, got in wid us, an' er lot more chased along behind in carriages.

"I was gettin' rattled, but de Duchess gave me er nudge t' brace; an' I braced. Everyting de mug wid us snid I pretended to say in dago it' de Duchess, an' I was tinkin' wot t'ell'i'd do if 'e should ring in some dago of 'is own, but 'e never. De Duchess would jaw buck in 'er forn talk, an' I'd make er bluff at tellin' de mug wot she said, an' I joilled 'im 'illi de seat wasn't big enough t' held him.

"Well, dey took us everywhere, an' down er dinky silde railroad wot's worse dan de razzledazzle at Consy Island, an' blowed us off t' wine an' speeches, an' when we get back de Duchess told me t' give de big mug er invite t' dinner wid us.

"I was near crazy wid all de jawin' an' de drinkin' an' seein' de mug kiss de Duchess's hand when 'e backed out.

"After dinner it was train time, an' I chased down t' de office an' asks wot's de bill.

"Say, wot da ve tink? Dat clerk says dere was no bill; dat de Government pays de whole shot, bure! de tid san' waiters an' drivers wot took us t' de train, an' den erway we goes.

"Vell, when we was on de car de Duchess says, 'Chames, wot de ye tink of yer wife?' says she.

"Duchess' says I. 'er Bowery boy and er French maid is lardt' beat.' I says. See?"

One of the Princess May's Dresses.

The dress worn by the Princess May of Teck at the Queen's drawing room was of rich allvery white brocade, manufactured at Bethnal Green, in an English design of roses enclosed Green, in an English design of roses onclosed in satin sheened scrolls and tied with true lovers' knots. Hoses being the badge of Engliand and the House of York, as well as the Frincess's favorite flower, add special interest to combined signification of the pattern. The gown was heautifully made with a ruche of plain satin on the buttom of the skirt, and a bodice outlined with sliver and crystal trimming, with a finish of snowy chiffon at the neck and sleeves.

GREEN PLANGEOUNDS FOR CHILDREN. Jorous May Parties of the Little Ones Upon the Lawss of Central Park,

This is the season for the May parties which enliven Central Park and give many children the only glimpse of real grass and real trees they ever have. It is a pretty custom which seems specially to pertain to New York among American cities for the children to get together in gala dress and spend a day on the lawn in the Park. This custom is confined almost entirely to the tenement house children of foreign-born parents. Just as the people who crowd the Park on Sunday are almost all foreign-born citizens and their familles, so the children who make up these May parties come from New York city's foreign quarter, especially from the German neigh-

borhood around Tompkins square. Any one who has never seen one of these May parties should go up to the l'ark any pleasant day at this season of the year and watch the meadow in the lower part of the Park. On some days there are scores of these parties. There are more girls than boys. They wear white dresses decked with ribbons, no hats, and their hair flows loose. In the centre of

and their hair flows loose. In the centre of the group is the May pole, with streamers, one to the child. The May pole is usually carried by a boy, and immediately in front of him is the girl who is the queen of the May party. She is the belle of the little group of boys and girls on her block.

These May groups are exceedingly patriotic. Many of them are equipped with small American flags, which the children hold in one hand, while they grasp the streamer from the May pole in the other. The streamers are always red, white, and blue, and this combination of colors is almost the only one seen. The parents of the children encourage this demonstration of patriotic feeling, and many of the little girls wear red and blue ribbons with their white dresses.

Since the custom of holding May parties in the Park began the number of these little festivals has increased so greatly that the Park

parents of the children encourage this demonstration of patriotic feeling, and many of the little girls wear red and blue ribbons with their while desses.

Since the custom of holding May parties in the Park began the number of these little featurable and the park began the number of these little featurable and the park authorities have made regulations for them. A permit is given to every party. The object of these permits is to have aome one responsible for the care of the children and to prevont the coming of too many May parties at the same time. It is very seldom that there is any quarreiling between the children of different parties, but the Park authorities have thought it beat for the children to give every party plenty of sizes to enjoy itself and to prevent overcrowding. Quarreis between children in the same party are more frequent, as it is part of the small boy's enjoyment to get into a row with another small boy when the sour in the country, and to these children in the same party are more frequent.

The trenchers of the public schools and of the different Sunday schools give many of these May parties. They provide the refreshments and the May pole, and ask the children who are their pupils to go. The provision includes some little souvenir, which is usually combined with a red, white, and blue rosette or small american ling, which is one of the most frequent souvenirs. The refreshments are simple, but the litter they create causes the Park authorities a great deal of trouble.

So popular have these May parties become that children from Jersey City, thooken, and Brooklyn come te the Park, and the fame of them is spreading to other subures. Parties are being made upin Newark, Long Island City and other places, although there is real country agreed deal nearer to the Areanal, where the children red while any parties include a visit to the menagerie back of the Areanal, where the parties were held only in the lower part of the Park, but all the available ground there was soon taken and the Park Commis

two ounces is not much to tack on when a man is telling a fish story. This is a voucher of the truth of the original tale, and also filustrates how honest the Naugatuck Valley fishermen are.

As the story goes, Smith was standing on the bridge crossing the Naugatuck River in Union City one hot July day, and looking over the railing he espied the trout in a shady hole, it made his blood rise to fever heat. He hastily sought for a fat worm and got a hook and line. The trout was not hungry, however, and merely nosed around the hook and deserted it. A white grub, a cricket, files, &c., were temptingly laid before the king of the river, but to no effect.

Ezra was now worked up to the highest pitch. He was determined to have that trout if he had to dive off the bridge for it. He thought of the way boys catch the lazy sucker, and getting a piece of wire, he made a slipnoose, and by careful work finally got it back of the trout's gills. A quick yank the wirstightened, and the monarch of the trout tribe lay on the bridge, cut half in two, but still weighing eight pounds and fourteen ounces by the strelyards at the willage store. And no Connecticut grocer's strelyards were ever known to exagerate the weight of anything, except when trading for groceries with his country customers.

But there is on record as a matter of nuthentic history a trout even larger than any that sver came from the Rangeley lakes. In Cothren's "History of Ancient Woodbury." written by the veteran lawyer. William Cothrens "History of Ancient Woodbury." written by the veteran lawyer. William Cothrens "History of Ancient Woodbury." The simply rubs the varnish off all trout stories yet told in this part of Connecticut. We quote from vol. 2, page 648; "A few years ago lithe history was written in 1872 Mr. Thomas Tyrrell, who owns the land and sawmill at the fails, captured in a brook pool near the river, by using a shad seine, a trout of large dimensions for these waters. It was 37-5 inches in length, measured it inches around makings that it was not

DEHORNING OF NUTMEG CATTLE. Cows and Oxen Thrive After the Operation but the Ignorant Populace, Mugwumps Included, Raise Rampunt Protest.

Nonwich, May 27.-An enterprising Yankee, with an innovation and a sharp and swiftly revolving knife to make it go, is causing a great stir among eastern Connecticut people quadrupeds as well as bipeds. Mr. James B. Palmer of the famous "Bound Hill" farm, Lis. bon, seven miles in the country, north of Norwich, runs the knife and bosses the innova tion, which is the art of simply and skilfully dehorning cattle. Mr. Palmer, who is a bronzed, stalwart, typical forehanded New England farmer, has a great plantation among the awceping country hills, and raises big crops and large herds of blooded stock. Guernseys are his favorite cattle, and he takes many prizes annually on account of them at the New London countr fair, of which he has several times been President. Mr. Palmer believes that cattle "do" a great deal botter it doprived of their horns; that is to say, they lose their pugnacity and restlessness, the nervous wire edge, sometimes called "gimp," that keeps them on their mettle; that they "fat up" more easily and quickly without horns, and are by far more tractable.

"Divest an animal of its natural weapons." says he, "and at once it becomes as gentle as a kitten, and settles right down to the business of getting on fat." In the old country, it is said, men who grow

art more or less, and so do the prairie cattle

men of the West; but it is a new thing in the Nutmeg State. Mr. Palmer, who is very wealthy, as bucolic possessions in Connecticut are adjudged, and who has progressive ideas, bought him a new-fangled dehorning knife in New York, and went to work with it on his own cattle. In one forenoon not long ago he clipped the horns off 126 head of fine Guernseys belonging to him, and the ultimate effect of the operation convinced him that the practice is a very advantageous one. In fact, he was so enthusiastic over the machine that he volunteered to introduce it among the farmers of the whole castern part of the State, although, pecuniarily, he does not need to go on the road as agent of any money-making scheme. He did a rushing business at once. The clicking of his queer-shaped steel shears was heard in almost every town, and a shower of horns, long ones, big. little, contorted, and branching ones, fell before his dehorning machine as ones. fell before his deborning machine as glass insulators rattle off telegraph pole arms when a legion of boys get after them with pebbles. But Mr. Palmer soon encountered the fate that confronts most innovators. A score of cattlemen praised and a big company of sentimental people condemned him. He went among the wild hills in the southeastern part of this county last week, and the superstitious country people circulated a singular story about himself and his extraordinary work. It embodied the notion that he was a supernatural monster—a sort of a combination of the fire fiend, a vampire, and a buzz saw—who lurked in ambush, whence he sprang forth upon a herd of cattle and whittled off their horns. This talk a wild-eyed country correspondent did up into a telegraphic missile and fired it into a state press bureau, which in turn disseminated it through the commonwealth. This is the weird thing the rural reporter, a Mystic man, sent broadcast through the telegraph wire:

Lurking somewhere in this vicinity is a man who during the past year has cut off the horns of over 1,200 cattle. For some time past the hend has been containing the effect to a fine herd in Mystic, and now meanly farmers be been beasts are minus their horn. The farmers he peater a found them there are the horns. The same research of the horn of the horns. The work of deborning is very means of long shears of great purchase, required but means of long shears of great purchase, requiring the long made, and an effort will be made to corner the field.

The country folks loaded their guns with wild goose shot and lay in wait for the vam glass insulators rattle off telegraph pole arms

would include that too.

The conservation of the buildings of Marris would include that too.

It is hard to hear the continue riven almost all on the number of it is estimated in the season of the continue riven almost an increase of the continue riven and the riven and the

AN EPICUREAN COON.

He Dines on Goldfish, Song Birds, Imported Rubbits, and Tidbits, From the Richmond, Vo., Times. That coon of Rueger's, which has been sauntering around the lamp post on the corner of Ninth and Banks streets from time to time during the past three months, made things lively sunday afternoon at Mr. B. A. Fox's bird

Anth and panks streets from time to time during the past three months, made things lively Sunday afternoon at Mr. B. A. Fox's bird store, on Broad street.

Mr. Rueger got tired of the quadruped and wished to dispose of him. The coon was accordingly turned over to Mr. Fox, who was to sell him. He was kept at the bird store. Sunday afternoon, when everybody was away, there began a general havoc on the part of the animal. Cilmbing over a partition in a show window he proceeded to chew up five Abyssinian rabbits. Only one of the pets was left to tell the tale. His coonship then dined upon a handsome brahma cock in the rear of the establishment, and afterward proceeded to devrive a beautiful tropical song bird of his niumage. He next made an attack on a number of goldfish, and when his appetite was astisfied there wasn't a single representative of the piscatorial tribe left in the aquarium. Several other depreciations were committed, and his coonship was making preparations to exterminate every valuable bird in the establishment, when two festive coppers crawled over the transon, and put an end to his calculations. He was carried back to Bueger's, but soon effected his escape, and made it lively for the squirrels in the Capitol square. A small regiment of small boys were in pursuit of the animal, which, with an all-important air, mounted the Washington monument and soon sat complacently on the top of George's head, evening the pursuers with an expression of uniqued defining and curiosity. He was finally cantured. Mr. Rueger drove up to Fox's establishment, and expressed his sympathy for that gentleman's loss, offering to give him the coon. The gift was declined with thanks, however, and his econship is still on the market.

NOTES ON SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

Among the various engineering investigations which for some time have engaged the attention of mechanical experts is that having in view some ready method for deadening the objectionable noise made by the puffs from the exhaust pipe of a gas engine, but only an indifferent amount of success has hitherto attended these efforts. The most hitherto attended these efforts. The most recent contrivance of the kind is a device described in a French journal, and claimed to be simple, efficient, and inexpensive. Briefly, a pipe split for a distance of about two metres is attended to the end of the exhaust, with the split end upward, and, beginning at the lower end of the cut, which may best be made by a saw, dividing the pipe into two haives, the slotted opening is widened out toward the top until it has a width equal in extent to the diameter of the pipe. Under this arrangement the puff of the exhaust spreads out like a fan, and the discharge into the open air takes place gradually, the effect produced depending somewhat on the flare of the tube. A writer in the Metal Worker states that,

curious enough, the chuse of what are known as "pin holes" in tinned and terns plates has never been satisfactorily determined, though one of the many sources of the difficulty named has been the use of steel in the place of wrought iron. The interesting question has been treated from various points of view, some urging that foreign matter in the steel interferes with the pickling and prevents the perfect coating of the plates, so that in places there is only a thin skin of the and, when this is abraded, corrosion rapidly ensues; others, again, are of the opinion that the pickling scid remains in the particles of carbonacous scale, and keeps up the work of corrosion after the plate was coated. One of the most plausible suggestions has been that the difficulty is to be found in the texture of the steel itself—that it is too fine grained a material in comparison with iron, and with a surface so hard and smooth as to afford no opportunity for that superficial alloying which is supposed by some to constitute the bond between the black plate and the coating, or, in other words, the fibrous nature of from and the somewhat roughoned surface, admits the tin to soak in and makes a firm fastening with the base. This explanation of the pin-hole difficulty in tin plates is considered by many the most reasonable yet offered. has been treated from various points of view. cattle for the markets practise the dehorning An improved system, of special application to

artesian wells, and designed for obtaining with a low pressure of water as a driving medium a large amount of power, has lately been proposed. The machinery to be actuated by this means may be of any desired construction, but a double acting pump works well. tion, but a double acting pump works well, the piston in the middle pump being on a piston or power rod carrying pistons in cylinders hear its ends, these cylinders being open at their inner ends and connected at their outer ones with the valve clasts of intet chambers through which the meter agent enters. In these clasts slide cylindrical valves, their rims opening and closing the inlet and the outlet parts alternately, and the valves have each a central hub and radial spokes to form a discharge opening for the cylinders at the time the valves are seated over the inlet parts of the inlet chambers. At all times the valves are entirely surrounded or filled with the motive agent, being thus constantly and perfectly balanced. Outwardly extending valve stems are pivotally connected with transverse pivoted arms, whose free ends are pivotally connected with each other by a rod, and this rod slides in learings formed on arms secured to the power rod, the bearings engaging collars on the ends of V-shaped springs, having at their other ends collars abutting against collars secured to the rod, while the latter collars abut against spring arms secured to the valve chest. In operation, as the power rod moves in either direction or the other the rod connected with the valve stems at the ends, thus a ternately opening and closing the ports in each chamber. the piston in the middle pump being on a pisand closing the ports in each chamber.

According to an account in the Comples Rendus, metallic chromium is now produced in appreciable quantities by a novel process, due to the ingenuity of M. Placet. An aqueous solution of chrome alum is prepared, to which is added an alkaline sulphate and a small quantity of sulphuric or other acid, and this solu-tion is electrolyzed; at the negative pole a beautifully brilliant deposit is formed on the surface of the electrole, and this deposit consists of pure chromium. The metal as described, is very hard, and of an agreeable blue-white color; it is found to resist atmospheric action perfectly, and is only attacked by concentrated sulphuric acid, nitric acid, and a concentrated solution of potash. It appears that when the electrolytic deposit takes place under certain conditions it is even nossible to obtain arrangements of chromium crystals, these resembling the branches of fir trees. Thus the metal, which it is demonstrated can be prepared on a practical commorcial scale, furnishes numerous alloys, which are being investigated. Further, in regard to the deposit of chromium upon the surfaces of different metals and alloys, it seems that, with baths similar to that employed as above, there was obtained an adherent deposit of chromium of a thickness variable at will and resembling oxidized silver, upon brass, bronze, copper, and iron. Specimens of this metallic chromium weighing more than a kilogram, also samples of chromium alloys, &c., have been exhibited to the Fronch Academy of beionees. sists of pure chromium. The metal as de-

English manufacturer, and are explained in detail in the London papers. It is not often. at the present time, that any special effort is or improved methods in this field of metallurgical industry, as, owing to the advances gical industry, as, owing to the advances made in every department of steel, and the extent to which it has superseded from the methods of pudding the latter have come to be of less important consideration. It is now proposed, in manufacturing malleable and gun iron by the hand-pudding arcsess, to melt the pig fron to be used in a cuppia, with a small quantity of scrap, and, on the fron becoming liquid, it is conveyed to the puddling turnace and allowed to remain there until it has reached the standard degree of heat. In case of any scarcity of scrap, manganess may be added to the liquid from after leaving the cuppia. It is claimed that by this means the output of the puddling furnace is much increased.

The manufacture of the beautiful fabric known as cashmere is characterized by some peculiarities incident to the nature of the fibre itself, though but little known to the wearers of that valuable material, nor, indeed, to many of those who deal in the finished goods. A microscopical examination of the cashmere fibre shows that it is composed of a multitude of miniature cells, similar in construction to those of wool, and these cellular structures are affected in a peculiar manner in the process of coloring, according to the nature or strength of the acid employed. An experiment in this line will suffice to show the remarkable peculiarity in question. A lot of cashmere fibres was selected promiscuously and colored in the ordinary way: great care was taken not to have an excess of acid; and, therefore, when the process was complete and the fibres dried and magnified, it was clearly seen that no harm was done. In the first fibre the surface structure was in mo way injured. A second lot of fibres was selected under the same circumstances, and submitted to a bath in which an excess of acid was present, and the fibres being allowed to remain the usual length of time, were then removed, dried, and microscopically examined as in the first-mentioned instance: the result in this latter instance was the exhibition of an interesting phenomenen—that is, the filaments were puffed up into all manner of conditions, many to such a degree that the outer coating was compelled to open. eashmere fibre shows that it is composed of

was present, and the fibres being allowed to romain the usual length of time, were then removed, dried, and microscopically examined, as in the first-mentioned instance; the result in this latter instance was the exhibition of an interesting plenomenon-that is, of conditions many to support the context of the c

"HIRED MAN" AND DYNAMITE

CHARLES H. RABCOCK OF WESTERLY, R. I., STANDS GRAVELY ACCUSED. Some One Exploded Dynamite Under Lute
D. Brown's Bara at North Stonington,
Conn., and Now Babcock Is in Jall.

Nonwich, May 24.—The ancient agricultural town of North Stonington, twelve miles southeast of this city, in the country, has an ex-traordinary law case on hand, in which the town selectmen accuse Charles H. Caboons. "bired man" and amateur rustic dynamics. of blowing up the barn of "Lute" D. Brown. the famous country horse jockey of Mintown hamlet. North Stonington is a land of great rolling hills, big turkey and sheep farms, rollicking trout streams, and a somewhat primitive people, well-to-do and hospitable, who are distinguished for big Sec-ond Adventists, Seventh Day Baptists, who are distinguished for big orthodox, hetrodox, and no-dox, and the champion elder drinkers of Earth. For current rending they take one country weekly. tooley's Weekly of Norwich, "Daboll's Alma-nack and Farmer's Friend," which was founded in 1772, and semi-occasionally they peruse the Bible. Lute Brown, the most celebrated jockey of New London county, who has a fine place at Milltown, with a big barn always full of all kinds of steppers, which are always for sale, has got rich at trading horses with clients in every rural town from Hebron. Portayang Hill, and the "Blue Hills" on the northeast to Shenecossett. Pod-wunk, Voluntown, Escoheag Hill. and Flat Rigg, R. L. on the south, sout-east, and east. Mr. Brown's fame as "a man that'll alius trade fur a considerashun" is pretty nearly circumambient, and he is by no means skeery of the far-famed Beach pond jockey gang of the western Rhode Island wildwood, who never mean to have a horse that is worth more than two and a half dollars, and will "swap" it any time for a \$2 sorrel or bay apparition, with a one-bladed jackknife or a broken down Waterbury watch "throwed in." Mr. Brown is always honorable in his dealings, and the best judge of horseflesh in eastern Connecticut, but, dealing as he does with all sorts of human flash, he becomes sometimes the target of grudges, and a country gruege is as implacable as it is dunderheaded. Charles Pabcock, farm hand at Beach Pond. horse jocker, of Hopkinton City, western Rhode Island, in the woods, had a dicker with Mr. Brown some time ago, and, having a dim idea that the latter had "ruther got ther better on him." has since had "a grunge agia Brown." But Mr. Brown is seasoned in the matter of country grudges, so he merely let it keep on working in Babcock, without doing anything to tap and draw the venom of it. fie kept silent and discrest. Not so Babcock.

Not a great while ago Mr. Brown received a queer, dirt-begrimed letter at the local Post Office, and opening it read these sinister words in stub print on a charcoal-stained half-sheet of blue-ruled paper:

HOPKINTON, March 21.

Mr. Rosses,
Sie: You have lied to me shamefully and you are
a very smooth and easy talker, and you have caused
me a great deat of trouble. I have thought this
matter over thoroughly, and have made up my mind
fully. Now I will say to you Mr Brown if you have any
interest in your welfare you will take particular pains
to come and see me.
The list would I said to you meant more than you.

Mr. Brown didn't go, and thereby hangs this tale. Mr. Brown's elegant barn, however, parrowly missed keeping the engagement for him. At mi lnight on April 18, with two dynamite cartridges under it for a starter, it went up about five inches, then fell back irresolutely on its underpinning with a booming thud that shook the rock-ribbed town and woke up all the farmers, house dogs, and roosters, in the region. The barn was filled with horses at the time, some being high-priced ones, and the yard with a herd of cattle; but none or the animals was seriously hurt. that when the electrolytic deposit takes place under certain conditions it is even possible to obtain arrangements of chromium crystals, these resembling the branches of fir trees. Thus the metal, which it is demonstrated can be prepared on a practical commorcial scale, furnishes numerous alloys, which are being investigated. Further, in regard to the deposit of chromium upon the surfaces of different metals and alloys, it seems that, with baths similar to that employed as above, there was obtained an adherent deposit of chromium of a thickness variable at will and resembling oxidized sliver, upon brass, bronze, capper, and iron. Specimens of this metallic chromium weighing more than a kilogram, also samples of chromium alloys, i.e., have been exhibited to the Fronch Academy of beiences.

Some valuable results in the production of puddled iron have lately been achieved by an English manufacturer, and are explained in The cartridges had been placed, with time

sheriffs. It was not until last week Wednesday that the Sheriff of Washington county. R. I., cornered him at a lonely house in the outsekirts of Hopkinton City: at evening he delivered him at the border line to the Sheriff of New London county. Conn., without the formality of requisition papers. As a ruie, in. catching horse thieves and some other criminals along the border. The Sheriffs of Little Rhody and the Nutmeg State stand on very little reciprocal State rights, requisition, red-tape ceremony, and it is a long time between drinks when the Governor of Connecticut is asked whether he has any remarks to make about such things to the Governor of Connecticut is asked whether he has any remarks to make about such things to the Governor of Honder Lisand, and vice versa. In corralling criminals in the wild and remote border land, the officers have no time to waste on official etiquette or other faner business; they just run them across the border, usually at night, and then discuss the matter with them later, if there is no more important topic to talk about.

The Connecticut Sheriff rushed Baboock at high speed directly into Militown, North Stonnington, on the same night, woke up Justice of the Peace John F. Brown, who opened court by candislight, with one or two neighbors "stetin" round" on hoxes to see that all the "perceedin" was strictly cordin ter law. Baboock pleaded not guilty to the charge of lifting Mr. Brown's barn with dynamite, and he was remanded for trial on the following day. He was locked up somewhere in Militown over night, in some one's carriage house, perhaps. Aimost everybody in Militown came to the trial at 5 o'clock in the afternoon in the little Militown Town Hall, where A. B. Crafts, Esq., appeared for the State of Connecticut, and John W. Sweney of North Stonington for Baboock. Justice Brown committed him to jail, pending his trial before the Superior Court in September next, and placed his bonds at \$2,000, Babcook is still in jail, but he is not without friends. He is a member of the A

upon his character. PETROLEUM FOR STEAMSHIP FUEL Results of the First Transatiantic Trial Comsidered to Augur Complete Success.

From the Philadelphia Pres. The new steel tank steamship James Brand.